

Newport

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.



Mercury.

Volume XCII.

PORTRAY.

From "Digenes."

A RAILWAY RHYME.

There was a little milliner,
Whose name was Charlotte Dunne,
Though there was nought of ill in her,
She loved a bit of fun.

And on an Easter holiday,
With mind all free from care
(Though 'twas a melancholy day,)
She went from Euston-square.

By train; in which beside her sat
A man who seemed polite,
Talked, smiled, and look'd quite wisely at
Another opposite.

Howard, onward sped the train
O'er hill, and dale, and moor,
The wind sped after it, in fine style,
And could not get before.

The whistle sounded long and shrill,
A tunnel now they neard,
Which near a lofty, snow-clad hill
Its dismal entrance rear'd.

Young Charlotte saw her ride-a-side
Rise slyly from his place,
And by her side, right closely, he
Sat with a smiling face.

Thought she, "These men look for a treat,
Unless I judge amiss,
And think 't will be an easyfeat
To snatch a stolen kiss."

So when they in the tunnel got,
She changed her place unseen;
Yet neither of the men did wot
But still she was between,

Then soon a dismal cry arose,
And raised a great alarm;

For each had knocked his neighbor's nose,
And done him grievous harm.

Right fearfully they both did swear,
And swift their chattering ran,
When each of them became aware
That he had kissed a man!

The train soon pass'd the tunnel through,
And came again to light—

Exposed their faces all to view—

It was a sorry sight!

The poor girl all sobbing into its arms,
but found no words to mingle with her tears.

She could not bid him stay, for that were to give up hope: she could only say "adieu" for her heart clung to him as the vine to the oak.

Good night, kind sir; to you I wish
A very pleasant ride;

And counsel you, when next you fish,
To see how runs the tide.

Let this to you a warning be—

As to each loving spark—

If girls won't kiss you when they see,

Don't try it in the dark!"

ABSCOMPTURE.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF PEACHES.—Mr. Solon Robison said—The cultivation of peaches may be made profitable by cultivating them in the ordinary way. A gentleman in Maryland, who is not acquainted with preserving them, feeds his hogs with peaches. The finest fruit that grows on the face of the earth, is then given to hogs. In Indiana and Kentucky, and several Western States, thousands of bushels of peaches are lost. Now peaches may be preserved by taking them when ripe, and heating them, and adding one-sixth of their weight in sugar. They must be laid on perforated woven wire, so that the juice may be drained from them, and that juice is the finest for a family syrup known.

This syrup, for cooking, is superior to Malaga raisins, and might be sold in market, if properly cooked, for 20 or 25 cents a pound. The best way to dry peaches would be to erect a stove, and dry them on perforated plates. People only want the knowledge how to manufacture peach syrup—to turn it into a profitable speculation.

This remark is also applicable to the blackberry fruit. This fruit in Indiana would afford, if preserved, a greater profit than corn, or any other farm produce.

It is well, you have't to look far if you are in earnest!" said the Emperor smiling.

"Take him with you Murat, and see what you can make of him."

The surprise of Vienna by Murat, which turned, as it were, the fortunes of Europe, was one of those brilliant achievements, which however much it may be condemned in principle, cannot but be admired as an heroic achievement. The Emperor of Austria had retired to Braun, leaving Prince Ansbach in charge of the great bridge over the Danube, which formed the approach to the capital. Every thing had been prepared in readiness for its destruction at the moment of attack.

"It tell you," said the sentry, "that the Emperor is too busy to see you to-night."

"See what it is, Marechal," said Napoleon to Murat, who was nearest the door.

Looking out, he replied, "It is a hand-some youth in a peasant's dress, asking to see your majesty."

"Let him come in!" and Jean, accompanied by one of the *chasseurs à cheval* who formed the imperial body-guard, stood before the Emperor.

"What seek you?" Napoleon asked, fixing his keen gray eye upon him.

"Glory!" replied Jean, but there was no kindling of ambition in his eye, and only a deeper blush upon his cheek as he pronounced the magic word.

"Well, thou shalt live to give it to thyself."

"I know thou art weeping, my daughter," he would say, "and I wish that Jean were back to comfort thee and protect thee when I am gone."

At length word came from Jean, with a promise of his speedy return. "I am wounded," he wrote, "but time and my native air will soon restore me."

"Oh, how fondly Pauline clung to him, as with his crutch and staff he alighted from the diligence at her father's door."

She saw not the golden braids upon his sleeve, or the sign of honor upon his breast; she saw only the same frank face and loving smile which had first won her love. His faithful heart needed no glory for her. With gentle step she half supported her lover to the porch where her father, in his blindness, sat uncooled in the mid-evening air.

"Here is a friend come to see you," said she, as quietly as she could amid the beatings of her full heart.

"I do not know the step," he replied—

"let me feel of his face," and he stretched forth his hand toward the new comer.

Jean took hold of the outstretched arm and gently guided it to the cross of the Legion of Honor, which lay upon his breast.

"It is Jean!" said the old man folding his heart. "Now, Pauline, thine eyes shall shed no more tears."

"Father," replied the young man, with a tremulous voice—"my heart misgives me, even amid the joy of this greeting—"Thou wouldst take nothing but glory for thy Pauline, and here thou hast it, unshamed by any blood save mine own."

"But what if to gratify thy pride, and thus save her eyes from tears, and our hearts from breaking, I had sent weeping to other cheeks, and rendered other homes desolate? Father, the soldier's glory may be a pearl which glistens brightly in the eyes of the world; but to me it ever seemed to be made up of human tears set in the blood of wrung hearts!"

But Murat was too shrewd for the Austrians. Having concealed a strong cavalry detachment, with a few grenadiers of the guard, in the streets of the Leopoldstadt on the left bank of the Danube, near the bridge, he advanced in company with Lannes to the platform, and walking easily over, joined the Austrian officers directly beneath their battery. The staff on both sides had been in the habit of this interchange of civilities for several days, frequent communications having been necessary to conduct the negotiations which had but just now proved unsuccessful.

EXPERIMENT WITH INDIAN CORN.—A correspondent of the Albany Cultivator says as the result of some excellent experiments, that farmers should not select the largest ears for seed, but rather those that grow nearest the ground.

LARGE CROPS ON LARGE FARMS.—If our farmers, instead of labouring to double their acres, would endeavor to double their crops, they would find it a vast saving of time and toil, and on increase of profits.

The Austrian officers received their cour-

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1853.

SELECTED TALES.

GLORY WON.

BY DAVID M. STONE.

TELEGRAPHIC.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YOUNG OTTO AND THE MYSTERIOUS LADIES.

IN ANCIENT TIMES THERE LIVED AT MAINHEIM A YOUNG MAN CALLED OTTO, WHO WAS BRAVE AND INTELLIGENT, BUT INCAPABLE OF BRIDLING HIS DESIRES. WHEN HE WISHED FOR ANYTHING, HE SPARED NO EFFORT TO OBTAIN IT; AND HIS PASSIONS WERE LIKE THE STORM WINDS, WHICH CROSS RIVERS, VALLEYS AND MOUNTAINS, CRUSHING EVERYTHING IN THEIR PASSAGE. TIRED OF THE QUIET LIFE HE LED IN MAINHEIM, HE ONE DAY FORMED A PLAN TO SET OUT ON A LONG JOURNEY, AT THE END OF WHICH HE HOPE TO FIND FORTUNE AND HAPPINESS. CONSEQUENTLY, HE PUT HIS BEST CLOTHES IN A BUNDLE, PLACED IN HIS GIRDLE ALL THE MONEY HE POSSESSED, AND STARTED WITHOUT KNOWING WHETHER HE WAS GOING. AFTER WALKING SEVERAL DAYS, HE FOUND HIMSELF AT THE ENTRANCE OF A FOREST, WHICH EXTENDED AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD REACH. THREE TRAVELERS HAD STOPPED HERE, AND SEEMED, LIKE HIMSELF, TO BE PREPARING TO CROSS IT. ONE WAS A TALL, HAUGHTY WOMAN, WITH A THREATENING MEIN, HOLDING IN HER HAND A JAVELIN; THE SECOND, A YOUNG GIRL, HALF ASLEEP, RECLINING IN A CHARIOT DRAWN BY FOUR OXEN; AND THE THIRD, AN OLD WOMAN IN RAGS, AND WITH A HAGGARD AIR. OTTO SALUTED THEM, INQUIRING WHETHER THEY WERE ACQUAINTED WITH THE FOREST; THEY REPLIED IN THE AFFIRMATIVE; HE ASKED PERMISSION TO ACCOMPANY THEM, THAT HE MIGHT NOT LOSE HIS WAY. ALL THREE CONSENTED, AND THEY SET OUT. THE YOUNG MAN SOON PERCEIVED THAT HIS COMPANIONS POSSESSED SUPERNATURAL POWERS; BUT HE WAS NOT AFRAID, AND CONTINUED HIS WALK, CONVERSING WITH THE THREE TRAVELERS.

THEY HAD ALREADY PURSUED FOR SEVERAL HOURS THE PATH MARKED OUT AMONG THE TREES WHEN THE SOUND OF A HORSE'S FOOTSTEP WAS HEARD BEHIND THEM. OTTO TURNED AND RECOGNIZED A CITIZEN OF MAINHEIM, WHO HAD ALWAYS BEEN HIS GREATEST ENEMY, AND WHOM HE HAD HATED FOR MANY YEARS.

THE CITIZEN OVERTOOK THE FOOT-PASSENGERS, AND PLAYED WITH THE REEDS AND WILLOW LEAVES, ALL BREATHED A HOLY, SPIRITUAL CADENCE, AND SEEMED TO CONFESS THE PRESENCE OF DIVINITY.

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BY THE MAILS.

DREADFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The train which left Boston on Monday evening for Fall River brought with it, as usual, a car which was detached at Braintree, eleven miles from Boston, where a locomotive is kept in waiting to follow, as an accommodation train, to the regular Fall River steamboat train. The steamboat train proceeded without interruption for about ten miles further, when a car-wheel broke and the train stopped. The Conductor, Mr. Claffin, immediately sprang to the ground, and finding the train could not be moved, started at a full run to warn the accommodation train which was following his train of the danger. He soon saw the accommodation train and signalled it to stop, but the night was hazy, and the light upon the approaching locomotive so brilliant, that the engineer did not see Mr. Claffin's light until directly abreast of him, when the signal to break up was instantly given, but the momentum was so great and the distance from the disabled train so short,—only about forty rods—that the advancing train was moving at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour when it struck the stationary train. But few passengers were in the hindmost car, and these hearing the approach of the train were striving to escape by the forward door. The locomotive and tender were driven completely into the passenger car, but two feet of the tender projecting from the rear of the car, the sides and top of which were not injured, the smoke pipe of the locomotive having been knocked down by contact with the top frame of the car.

The scene within the cars was at this moment dreadful. Steam, and smoke, and darkness, and shrieks, and groans were mingled together in dreadful confusion.—Some of the pipes of the locomotive having been fractured, the escaping steam was inflicting torture upon all unfortunates who had failed to effect their escape from the car. Five of the passengers, all males, were very badly scalded, two of them probably to a fatal extent. Among the injured was Mr. Thompson, of Brunswick, Maine. The farm-houses in the vicinity were thrown open and the injured conveyed to them, where every attention was bestowed.

The engineer and fireman escaped without serious injury. The former remained at his post and entered the car in his usual position on the engine.

The escaping steam alone prevented the car from being destroyed by fire, which was scattered from the stove.

It was nearly half an hour before some of the injured were dug out of the ruins, so intense was the steam and smoke. The wounded were all doing well this morning, and would probably recover.

The Rev. Mr. Potter of South Carolina was bruised about the head, but not seriously; A. W. Babcock was also injured—a man from Lynn was badly scalded.—There were about a dozen persons in the rear car, the second car containing the bulk of the passengers who escaped injury. The second class and first passenger cars were locked and partially broken.

N. Y. Cour. & Eng., 22d.

FAITHLESS GENERATION.—To obtain the service of a person who will prove faith-exceedingly difficult. We have had some experience in this line before; in some instances, we have been fortunate in securing the services of faithful men; in others we have been disappointed. For the man or boy who will neglect his duties during employer's absence, we have a most thorough contempt. We view him as little superior to a common robber; and in one sense, he is more despicable; because he not only robs you, but proves himself unworthy the confidence you have reposed in him. The faithful, honest, trust-worthy boy or man, we highly esteem. His services cannot well be estimated in dollars and cents. Such a one will always find employment, and when once he becomes known, and has established himself in the confidence of the parties with whom he is connected, he will be "made man." In serving his employer faithfully, he does the best possible thing to advance his own interests. When will the negligent and faithless appreciate this?

Merchant's Ledger.

Professor Julius Caesar Hannibal expresses his opinion upon taxes in "bording houses" as follows:—"Your fellor borders, of you chance to lib or more properly spokin, stay in a bordin house, nebbes hab no sympathy wid your baby—always bare dat in mind—and when one ob dem cuckles it under its chin, as it inclines 'pon your shoulder on de stairs, and calls it a patty dear—don't be so foolish as to belebe dem, dem am only a foolin wid chile, to pull de wool over de eyes ob dem deade—kase you'll find when ture comes, and a noise resembling de sound ob two coffee mills a kue-pun a dust wid an asmete hand-organ emanates from your room, dese bees paple who see big moon in your baby's eyes in de day time, will be de fu to wish dem same beautif' eyes barbed as dey do de mill streams, afore day can bld de mil."

Crying children in church are usually considered as nuisances, and taken out; but this is not always the case, as the following anecdote from the Ladies' Repository will show:—"A brother just returned from California says, he was present in the congregation of Brother Owen, when a babe in the arms of its mother began to cry. A thing so unusual in California attracted not a little attention, and the mother rose to retire. 'Don't leave,' said the preacher; 'the sound of that babe's voice is more interesting to many of this congregation than my own. It is perhaps the sweetest music many a man has heard since long time ago, when he took leave of his distant home.' The effect was instantaneous and powerful, and a large portion of the congregation melted into tears."

GOOD NEWS FOR BUTTER CONSUMERS.—We learn from the Scholastic (New York) Republican, that the recent fall in the price of butter has somewhat frightened the dealers thereabout, who have been holding on for better prices, and consequently they are now rushing the butter to market in haste. Ten or fifteen tons of butter passes through Scholastic on Monday's trains on its way to Albany and New York. The specialists in New York have already large stocks on hand, and they will be obliged to let down a few notches in their price, or still hold on, perhaps to a disadvantage.

MAINE PEOPLE IN LOWELL.—The Sons and daughters of Maine in Lowell will have a festival in that city on the evening of Monday, January 3d. The names of eighteen hundred have been already reported, who will attend.

COLD WINTER COMING.—The Canadas are busily engaged in fortifying their houses against the attacks of frost. This foretells, says the Montreal Herald, a very severe winter.

ECONOMY.—Mamma.—"My dear child! What are you doing with my best twelve dress?" Child.—"I am only cutting and contriving a frock for my doll."

DESPERATE BATTLE WITH SAVAGES.—A late San Francisco paper says that the brig Rosa, while on a trading voyage among the South Pacific Islands, stopped at Taurora, where she was attacked by about one hundred and fifty savages from the north end of Hill's Island. Joseph Maiden, chief surviving officer, thus narrates the fight:

The captain was also on deck; he (Mr. Maiden) took several clubs from the savages. He then went to the main hatch to speak to the men left in the hold, when he received a severe blow on the head from a club, which knocked him down the hatchway. While in the act of falling, he saw two natives attacking Wm. Sheen, cooper, who shipped at Sydney. The war whoop was then raised, and Maiden recovering from the effects of his blow, and not being injured by the fall, directed the man in the hold to make for the cabin, there being a door through the bulkhead, with a view to getting arms. They could not find any ammunition for some time; at length Emanuel Ramose discovered a keg of powder, and afterward a parcel of shot. Having now loaded some muskets, they shot five natives from the cabin skylight, and Maiden, standing at the foot of the companion ladder, and seeing the King's son passing on the deck, ran him through with a bayonet. They then left the cabin and attempted to rush the natives overboard.—Two natives were struggling with the captain, one with the cook's hatchet, and the other with a piece of sharpened iron, like a long knife. Maiden raised his musket at the men, but it missed fire, and he killed one of them with his bayonet.

In falling, the native dropped the hatchet on Maiden's foot, which cut it severely; both in the struggle went down the hatchway together, till the savage was overpowered and killed. Maiden afterwards shot another native. By this time many of the natives were driven overboard, and, having hoisted the jib and cut the cable, the vessel stood off from the land. After getting the vessel under weigh, Maiden found that the captain, the boatswain, the cooper, and one of the seamen, were lying on the deck, their bodies being mutilated in a horrid manner, by wounds from the hatchets and clubs. The steward, also, was lying on deck, almost dead. Hether stood N. E., to endeavor to fetch Taurora, with the hope of finding the schooner Black Dog, and getting assistance to navigate the vessel. The current, however, drove the vessel to the Westward, and eventually Maiden bore up for Sydney, under the circumstances detailed in our report of the week. The murdered men were buried at sea.

The following is a list of the crew at the time of the massacre, showing those saved and those killed: Capt. Jocomo Ferro, Italian; Emanuel Panchio, boatswain, Italian; Wm. Sheen, cooper, Englishman; Samuel Ball, seaman, Englishman—all killed; Chas. Temmins, chief mate, American; Henry Wilson, seaman, American—missing, either killed or left, among the natives; Joseph Maiden, second mate, Englishman; Michael Black, seaman, Irishman; Emanuel Ramose, seaman, Chilean; San Francisco, cook, Portuguese; Eugenio Carbone, steward, Italian, and Joe, a native—all now in Sydney.

A Strange Visitor at the City Hall.

—About 11 o'clock yesterday morning, the carved eagles upon the City Hall received an illustrious visitor. One of the original birds of the forest—some said a hawk, others an eagle—came down from the woods to pay his wooden prototypes upon the flagstaffs of the Hall a friendly visit.—This is something new under the sun. Four hundred pieces are thrown into a cylinder, half filled with water and soap-suds. This is thrown into rapid revolution by a small steam-engine. Steam is then let into the cylinder under the water and clothes, which raises them out of the water, passing through the pores of the fabric, and out at the top of the cylinder. The clothes are thrown down again by the pressure of steam into the suds and so on. The changes thus produced by the rapid revolution and by the passage of the steam through the clothes, washes them perfectly clean in the space of ten minutes. The clothes are then thrown in a body into another cylinder, and wrung by the revolution of the cylinder, and then by letting in hot air, which passes through the clothing, they are perfectly dry, ready for ironing in seven minutes. The whole time occupied in washing, and wringing, is but seventeen minutes. The advantages of this apparatus are—first, an immense saving of time and expense in washing; second, the finest laundry can be washed without wearing them out or injuring the texture, as is necessarily done by rubbing."

Oneida Co. in this State, have this season purchased for the Eastern markets, fourteen thousand barrels of apples, and 100 barrels of peats. Some of the peats sold as high as twenty dollars a barrel. The other day, we saw in one of our fruit shops a basket of Duchess' Angoume peats, from Hovey's garden, near Boston, for which we were assured \$12.50 was paid, being a fraction more than ten cents for each pear, 120 in number. The same peats were retailed here at 25 cents each. At least many of them brought that price, and we are told that in a fruit shop in Broadway, the best peats are sold at 50 cents each.—*Journal of Commerce.*

THE DARIEN SHIP CANAL.—One of the stipulations which the new Darien Ship Canal Company is said to have made, is that one-half the contracts will be given to American contractors,—whereupon we see, some of our contemporaries are estimating that \$35,000,000 will thus pass through American hands, in addition to which we are to gain by supplying all the operatives with their food and other articles of consumption, and by furnishing the powder that is to blow out the proposed channel. This is a fine prospect for persons of a sanguine temperament.

RATHER CROOKED WRITING.—The Toledo Blade tells a story a person at Detroit who had a building on land sold to the Michigan Central railroad. The Superintendent, who writes a very bad hand, sent a very short and peremptory letter to Mr. S., ordering him to move the building at once. Looking over the scrawl he could put it in his pocket, but nothing was heard or done about the building. The Superintendent, meeting S. three months after, began to plead them for not removing the nuisance, and called his attention to a written notice. "Notice," said he, "I've no notice. I got a pass from you, some time ago, and have been riding all summer on the faith of it;"—pulling out the scrawl, which was intended for a very different purpose.

Every six years, by law, there is a revaluation of the real estate of Ohio for taxation. The last valuation was in 1847 when the entire taxable property of the State, at cash value, amounted to about \$475,600,000. We learn, says the New York Tribune, that the returns for the new valuation are nearly completed, and the Auditor of the State estimates that they will vary but slightly from \$500,000,000; showing an increase of taxables in six years of \$325,000,000, or nearly 70 per cent. What a commentary this on the growth of the great West.

MONKEY HUNTING.—Oliver Scott, judging by a letter of his in the Arkansas Independent, is as great at monkey killing as Capt. Martin Scott was in bringing down coons. He writes that he is in South America hunting monkeys. He kills about \$900 a year, and sells the skins at Bumona. They are bought by Frenchmen, and tanned for the manufacturing of kid gloves, those articles being now made, it is said, wholly of monkey skins. He gets from twenty to forty cents for each skin.

A FORGOTTEN BRIDEGROOM.—A few days ago a man applied to the proper authorities in Boston for a marriage certificate, but upon being questioned he had forgotten the name of his intended. After some time spent in silent thought, he remarked that the lady was named after some city in Massachusetts, and he rather believed that it was "Worcester." But when the couple stood up before the clergyman the lady with a reproachful look at her careless lover stated her name was Somerville.

GOOD NEWS FOR BUTTER CONSUMERS.—We learn from the Scholastic (New York) Republican, that the recent fall in the price of butter has somewhat frightened the dealers thereabout, who have been holding on for better prices, and consequently they are now rushing the butter to market in haste. Ten or fifteen tons of butter passes through Scholastic on Monday's trains on its way to Albany and New York. The specialists in New York have already large stocks on hand, and they will be obliged to let down a few notches in their price, or still hold on, perhaps to a disadvantage.

MAINE PEOPLE IN LOWELL.—The Sons and daughters of Maine in Lowell will have a festival in that city on the evening of Monday, January 3d. The names of eighteen hundred have been already reported, who will attend.

COLD WINTER COMING.—The Canadas are busily engaged in fortifying their houses against the attacks of frost. This foretells, says the Montreal Herald, a very severe winter.

ECONOMY.—Mamma.—"My dear child! What are you doing with my best twelve dress?" Child.—"I am only cutting and contriving a frock for my doll."

POPULATION OF CHINA, &c.—The following statistics relating to the internal condition of China Proper are taken from the statistical chart of a new work by Mr. R. Montgomery Martin, late her Britannic Majesty's treasurer for the colonial, commercial and diplomatic services in China, and member of the Legislative Council at Hong Kong:—

In China Proper, it appears there are 367,632,907 inhabitants, and in the dependencies of Minchuria, Mongolia, Turkestan, Tibet, &c., about 40,000,000, making a total of 400,000,000 of people under our Government. The population in each square mile is 288, and the area in square miles is 1,297,999. The quantity of land is estimated at \$33,829,100 English acres, of which 141,199,347 is under cultivation. The land tax realises \$27,854,623 taels of silver; the salt revenue, \$4,615,834 taels; and other duties \$91,692 taels.

The total fixed revenue of the provinces is \$35,016,023 taels, of which sum \$22,445,573 taels, and \$3,425,955 shillings (a shillings being about 160 lbs. of avoirdupois) are transmitted to the imperial treasury, whilst 5,569,329 taels remain in the provinces.—The standing army and militia number 1,232,000 men. The table from which the above statistics are taken is prepared from various authorities, the greater portion having been furnished in China, and translated from the official records.

With respect to the density of the population, Dr. Gutzlaff and other Chinese scholars consider the census to be correct. The population is most dense along the banks of great rivers, particularly near the great Yang-tse-kang, and the central district of the country, where the waters furnish large supplies of food. The very great density of the Chinese is visible in the cities, and especially in the capital, Pekin, where the population is estimated at 1,200,000.

Lieutenant Maury says that in sixty

years to day to day a most painful and afflictive mortality on board emigrant ships is computed that, since the 9th of September, among 16,227 passengers brought by a new government survey, all that has been effected through private enterprise. The distance round Cape Horn from New York to San Francisco is 15,000 miles, while by this route it would be 50,000 miles. A writer remarks:

"The celebrated fate of Lieutenant M. F. Maury to the delegates of the Memphis Convention, remarks, that 'with a ship cast across the Isthmus, the raft that has been built is the most mortal of things. The mortality is about one hundred and eighties deaths at sea.' Frightful as this mortality is, the picture derives additional horror if placed in a different light. If we leave out of the list those vessels on board which the mortality was slight, varying from one to seven, we shall find that in twenty-nine ships, bringing about 12,769 persons, the deaths were one thousand and sixty-seven.

This indeed is a terrible state of things, and what still more deeply shades the picture is that there seems to be no clear understanding of the real cause of this frightful devastation: the public have no satisfactory knowledge of the true nature of the disease that destroys from twenty to seventy-five passengers in some of our best packet ships. These vessels are conveniently constructed, with special reference to passenger traffic, well ventilated, well manned and officered, and have not generally made unusually long passages. It is remarkable too that this mortality has been confined to certain distinctly marked periods of time. Thus, of those leaving Europe from the 9th to the 27th of September, every vessel exhibits a heavy mortality. From September 27th to October 26th, the mortality at sea was very slight. From October 21st to the present time, with the exceptions of two or three days, the mortality has been great. The ships sailing from Liverpool have suffered most severely, with the exception of one from Havre, which lost seventy-five.

The public ought to be informed respecting the nature of this fearful malady. Of

what nature is it? Cholera, or ship fever, or both? Are any number of the immigrants sick on their arrival? Do they generally recover or die? What record of the names and late hours of the dead are preserved? And if preserved, are they easily accessible? Should they not be published?

Eleven hundred immigrants and upward

must have had many relatives and friends who are interested in knowing their fate. We trust the Commissioners of Emigration will institute a searching investigation into the matter and publish the results of their inquiries at as early a day as possible.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

The Post Office Department groans under cheap postage, and become more and more a load upon the Treasury. It is currently said that a recommendation will be made to Congress in favor of modifying the postage. The revenue of the department, it is now established, does not equal its expense. Cheap postage is, therefore, to be abandoned! Letters are to be raised to five cents, and newspapers taxed more heavily.

The above is telegraphed from Washington to a morning paper. If what is evidently said is really true, the head of the Post Office Department has queer notions of progress. Going back to dear postage is of course out of the question. Had a Wm. Postmaster General but ever so vaguely hinted at such a movement, every Democratic press in the Union would have assailed him for his retrogressive tendencies. If Mr. Campbell is bold enough to propose such a measure, he will become as unpopular as some other members of the

existing administration.

N. Y. Commercial.

THE COST OF "STRIKES."—It was stated at a late meeting of the operatives in Preston, that in one strike of the cotton spinners in Manchester, which lasted four months, they spent £460,000 in loss of wages alone, and in two others they lost £60,000. In another strike at Stockport the cotton spinners lost £600,000 in wages, and in different strikes the wood combers of Bradford lost £400,000; the mechanics of Leeds £180,000; the operatives of Lancashire £50,000; colliers of Northumberland £100,000; which together with the losses by the strikes at Stockport and Preston in 1848, make a total of £2,000,000 sterling, which to all intents and purposes had been spent in vain, as in nine out of ten cases the strikes completely failed in their object.

The frequent and severe losses by fire in New York, has led the owners of real estate to look to the importance of establishing juries to inquire into the origin of fires. The destruction of property in that city for years has been immense, and from the reports of the Fire Department it is shown that a stranglehold in the money market is productive of an unusual number of conflagrations. By establishing a jury to inquire carefully into every case, it is evident that buildings cannot be fired as at present whenever the occupant is short of money to take up an ugly note at Bank.

A TOOTON COW STORY.—A Mr. Perry, who lives somewhere on the "hill road," between this place and the South Village, on getting up one morning last week, discovered the leg of a cow sticking out of an old well, a short distance from the house.

On going to the place, he found said cow hanging in the well, with her head downward, her size being too large to admit of her slipping entirely through the opening at the top. The neighbors were rallied, and after considerable lifting, the animal was extricated; when, lo! a second cow found in the bottom of the well, only in a reversed position, the head being up. An apparatus was arranged, and cow number two was raised. But the best part of the whole story is, the cows came out unscratched, and in less than an hour were engaged in a hard fight with each other.

If any of our readers are inclined to doubt the story, we would respectfully remind them that "truth lies in a well."

Woodstock Age.

A TEMPERANCE MAN.—Here is a story of a man to whom honor is due, which we find in *The Genius of the West*, a Cincinnati monthly; A gentleman cooper called upon a negro, who owns a fine farm in Ohio, and wished to purchase some timber. Our colored friend inquired what purpose he wanted it. He received for an answer, "I have contracted for so many whisky barrels." "Well sir," was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale, and want the money, but no man shall purchase a single stave or hoop-pole, or a particle of grain of me for that purpose." Of course Mr. Cooper was not a little "up in the back" to meet such stern reproach, got mad and called him a "nigger." "That is very true," mildly replied the other, "it is my misfortune to be a negro. I can't help that, I can help selling my timber to make whisky barrels, and I mean to do it."

A RECKLESS YOUNG MAN.—Edgar Ney, grandchild of Marshal Ney, and a camp and huntman of the Emperor of France, is in prison for debt. Immediately on his accession to the high offices to which his Majesty appointed him, he commenced a career of extravagance which very soon brought the sheriffs down upon him, and as he could not pay, he was in immediate danger of prison. The Emperor released him from his awkward predicament! In a few months he was again in a similar position, and his family was obliged to extricate him, though the sums requiring liquidation were really enormous. The foolish fellow put his neck a third time into the noose, and, as his friends and his sovereign refused to interfere any further, he is



New England Trunk Manufactory

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER,
MANUFACTURER OF
RATCHET AND SPIRAL TRUSSES,
533 Washington Street, 538.

BOSTON.

ALL THE various improved trusses constantly
for sale. Ladies waited on by Mrs. Cam-
ille D. Foster, who has had twenty years expe-
rience in the business.

Strangers, in the city will please take notice the
odd numbers and the even numbers are on oppo-
site side of the street, it being 516 opposite to
the subscriber's residence 538, where he will keep
a full supply of Ready Made Trusses, for General
Supply of five or six different kinds, and such as
Dr. Chapman's Spiral, Cattier's, Finch's, etc.

Dr. Terrel's Healing Ointment
waited upon by Mrs. Caroline D.
Preston, above place.

The following certificates from Dr. John C.
Warren of Boston, was given 16 years since, but
will last forever:

Boston, January 7, 1853.

Having had occasion to observe the skill and
experience of Mr. Foster, who have effected much
in the want of a skilful workman in accommo-
dating Trusses to the peculiarities of their cases,
I have taken pains to inform myself of the com-
petency of Mr. J. F. Foster, to supply the de-
ficiency occasioned by the death of Mr. Heath.

After some months of observation of his work,
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Signed, WILLIAM GALPIN.

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The trust of this statement can be verified by Mr. W. P.
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